

drown you out

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by [flickerfonds](#)

Summary

“You want me to shut up so badly? Yeah?” Dream taunted, lifting himself from his chair and walking around to the other side of his desk, where George was standing. He moved in closer to the other, until they were practically sharing oxygen, before placing each hand on the deep mahogany beside George’s hips. He was trapped beneath Dream, almost completely bracketed in. “Then you should make me.”

Dream hates George, he really does. So why does he want to kiss him so badly?

Notes

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It wasn’t that George hated Dream. He never had, he would even have considered them friends at one point or another. No, it was the fact that Dream was so damn determined to steal his research grant.

This all started at the beginning of the spring semester, when the university they both taught at announced it had an extra grant to give away in the literature department. George, of course,

wanted in on it. The grant would cover his travel back to his home country so he could actually read the unfinished manuscripts that he'd admired through his computer screen for years. In short, this grant was a dream come true. And then Dream came along.

Dream, who always bothered him in the hallways. Dream, who all the students fawned over with his charming smile and sparkling eyes. Dream, the second most decorated professor in the English department (he was second to George, of course). Dream, who for some unknown reason, wanted this grant just as much as George did.

George thought he had a right to be pissed off about it all. Why the hell would Dream want a travel grant when he studied *American* poets of all things. All he had to do was load up his car and drive a few hours, while George had to hop on a flight across the Atlantic for even a chance to see where the people of his fascination lived and worked. The first time George tried to confront Dream about it, he'd been dismissed like his thoughts on the matter weren't worth even a cent. George just wanted to reason with Dream and stop him from sending in his application because, when you looked at it logically, there was no reason Dream even needed to apply. The board loved him almost as much as his students, so surely they'd give him some extra money for research. This way he didn't have to take George's one chance to immerse himself in the wonders of British writers, and he still got to do what he wanted. It was perfectly reasonable, really.

It was not perfectly reasonable. Not from Dream's perspective, at least. George had marched into his classroom late that night, long after all the students had gone back to their dorms or whatever else they did on Wednesday nights, with an attitude. He made his question sound urgent, and Dream was worried for a second that he'd been fired or something similar. Then he asked Dream to back out of the grant.

"Are you serious?" Dream said with a chuckle. Surely George wasn't actually asking him to drop this opportunity just because he batted his eyelashes and flashed him a sweet smile.

George rolled his eyes with a scoff like it should have been the most obvious thing in the world. "Of course, why would I joke about this?"

He was unbelievable. Strutting into Dream's office when he should have been grading papers, expecting to be attended to, and then when he was asking Dream to step down from the chance to literally travel the country visiting the homes and belongings of long since gone poets. Dream prided him on his confidence, but his expectations could use a bit of work. There was no way in hell Dream was letting this go.

"You just asked me to completely give up the chance to travel wherever I need to for research with absolutely no explanation," he said, pausing to let the words sink in. He could see the second George realized just how dumb he sounded when the brunette sighed and ran a hand through his deep chestnut hair. It had grown a bit longer over the course of the year, Dream noticed. It looked good like that, a bit messy and curling subtly around his ears. "Do you realize how ridiculous you sound right now?"

George looked a bit taken aback by that, but it was nothing but the truth. A fire came alive in his voice as he tried to explain himself. "You study American poets, Dream, don't you?" A nod. "And I study writers all the way across the Atlantic. You can take a fun little roadtrip to see whatever you want, but I have to buy plane tickets to even get the chance. Don't you get why I need this so much more than you do?" George made a decent point, that much was true, but the fact that he had the audacity to think that Dream was just going to listen to him like that was absurd.

“You’re acting like this is my problem, when it’s clearly your fault. I’m not responsible for your personal issues, *Georgie*,” Dream said, tongue curling around the crimson words as they left his mouth and echoed into the silence of the empty room.

“I’m just asking you to, for once in your life, use some common sense. Is that so difficult, *Dreamie*?”

Dream chuckled briefly to himself. “Aww, you think I’m dreamy? Why didn’t you just say so?” He’d meant it as a joke, but the blooming magenta beneath a pallor canvas implied it may have been a bit more than that. Interestingly enough, Dream wasn’t opposed to the idea. He’d always liked his men with a bit of a mouth on them, and George was no exception to the rule. No, if anything he proved it.

George’s tone was malachite and venom. “You’re so insufferable.”

“And you’re blushing, so—”

“—Can you just be quiet, for once in your miserable and overconfident life? Is that too much to ask for?”

Dream couldn’t be held accountable for the places his mind went to, he really couldn’t be. As cliché as it was, the only thing he could think of was George shutting him up with a bruising kiss and fingers tangled in his hair. It was definitely inappropriate for him to be thinking about his coworker like this, but Dream had desires too, and one of those was George and his pretty pink lips.

“You want me to shut up so badly? Yeah?” Dream taunted, lifting himself from his chair and walking around to the other side of his desk, where George was standing. He moved in closer to the other, until they were practically sharing oxygen, before placing each hand on the deep mahogany beside George’s hips. He was trapped beneath Dream, almost completely bracketed in. “Then you should make me.”

George’s umber eyes flicked up to Dream’s, a sultry look thinly veiled in questioning, but it didn’t last. Before Dream had time to process what was happening, George’s lips were stinging against his skin and his hands were tangled in his hair. A thin layer of saccharine honey glazed lips of shattered glass. George kissed like he had something to prove, and Dream knew he did too. The energy was reciprocated, with one of Dream’s hands pushing a narrow frame into tinted wood as lips slid slickly together.

A forceful grip pulled Dream’s head down lower, forcing him into a false sense of submission. He was forced to give George some ground, letting the smaller spin him so his back was to the desk. George gave no warning before he pushed Dream’s chest with an electricity that he rarely let free from his veins.

“Someone’s getting confident now, aren’t we?” Dream taunted, lust bubbling out of his throat and into the heated air. He would let George have this moment, but he knew later he would show him who was really in charge.

George rolled his eyes, dismissing Dream’s teasing with a pointed glare. “You’re a lot prettier when you don’t open your mouth. By the way.” Dream chose to ignore the blush rising to his face in favor of yet another snide comment.

“So shut me up then.”

And oh did George do what was asked of him. He wasted no time reconnecting his lips with

Dream's. Maybe he kissed with a bit too much bite, but Dream had always liked the pain anyways. A sharp smirk pressed down into his tender lips, and a subdued whimper worked its way out of Dream's throat. George definitely heard it, so he began working his lips down the side of Dream's neck, letting his teeth graze freely wherever he pleased.

Although Dream rarely gave up control like this, he could absolutely see the appeal of letting a pretty boy with an attitude suck tender marks into his skin until he was begging for more. Such a shame that he'd never be caught dead begging for anyone, least of all George.

In one swift movement, Dream pushed himself up onto his desk so he was comfortably sitting on the mahogany. In the next, he grabbed George by the hips with bruising fingers and pulled the smaller man onto his lap, letting him straddle him like it was second nature. George took the change in position to reattach his lips to Dream's and lick into his mouth desperately. The subtle movements of his hips as he did so made Dream aware of a whole new issue: his dick.

Somehow, he hadn't noticed it before. Maybe he'd been too caught up in staring at George, but the way his slacks were tightening beneath him wasn't something so easily ignored. He was practically *aching* with just how bad he wanted the pretty boy to sit atop him. Surely George noticed too, the way he was grinding down against Dream's cock was too perfect for him not to. Dream's grip on his hips only tightened as he began to guide George's movements, pulling him up and down with practiced ease.

George was the first to break it off, beads of sweat gathering on his forehead and a crimson tint invading his freckled skin. He shakily inhaled, voice already wrecked and straining. It illustrated the effect Dream had on him perfectly, how after such little contact he could be so visibly broken. "Dream," he whispered, voice breaking with desire, "can you fuck me? Please, fuck me. Need you so bad."

Dream grinned against his neck, harshly grinding up into George as a response. He let out a broken moan and sent Dream a pleading look. "What happened to that attitude you just had, baby?" George blushed, not wanting to answer, but that alone was answer enough. It sent a jolt of garnet confidence through his body, knowing his strong hands and skilled lips were the reason George was broken like he was.

"Did I do this to you?" He asked, but he already knew the answer. George shook his head in response, a pathetic attempt at a lie that nobody would believe. "Is it my hands, baby? Or is it my mouth? Or something else?"

"Sm'thing else," he mumbled, barely audible through swollen lips. Dream thought he might like to ruin them some other way, but that was neither here nor there.

"Hm," Dream started, before sending a glance over to his office door to make sure it was closed. Thank God it was, because he really didn't want to trouble himself with getting up and shutting it. "So, if it's not my hands or my lips, then what is it?" Dream once again pulled George closer to him before forcing his hips down to meet his own. "Is it my cock, is that it baby? You like how big it is, even though you haven't even seen it yet?"

A high whine worked its way free from George's lips, and Dream knew he'd hit the jackpot. It was his size, of course it was. Dream would be lying to himself if he said he too didn't love how easy it was for him to manhandle George just how he wanted him. "Oh, you like that don't you? Like how strong I am, how easy it is for me to do this?" As he spoke, he lifted George completely free from his lap and switched their positions so he was pressed, back down, against the desk with Dream lying over him. His legs were wrapped around Dream's waist still, but it was clear who had the power in this situation. George was so vulnerable like this, but for some reason he trusted Dream to

hold him and make him feel good, and *God* did Dream want nothing more to have him a broken and moaning mess beneath him.

George surged up to kiss him in response. It was answer enough just how docile he'd turned, berry-stained dominance fading into lavender submission with just a touch of colorfully demanding fingertips and glowing neon kisses. His free hands worked up to Dream's neck, first loosening the tie that had been revoking access to anything below his neck, and then working the buttons of his shirt open. He started slowly, but George's desperation became more evident when Dream pressed barely-there kisses to his neck. His fingers worked as quickly as they could, popping the buttons open until he could run a hand along Dream's flat stomach.

The action sent a chill running up his spine. George's hands were cold and having one splayed out across his stomach, applying the slightest amount of pressure, was so intoxicating. The prominent bones that shone through near-translucent skin were mesmerizing. How someone so delicate could have something so rough, in such stark contrast to everything else, was enthralling. Dream wanted more. Dream needed more. So he would take more.

He started with George's pants, slowly undoing his belt before tossing it off to the side. It was a hindrance at best, and Dream was happy to see it gone. The slight ringing of metal as it hit the floor could be ignored, because now Dream was unzipping George's pants and nothing else really mattered.

"Gonna be a good boy for me and help me get these off, yeah?" Dream asked, voice a saccharine coated yellow with how it glowed. It would be difficult to convince anyone that less than thirty minutes ago they'd been shouting at each other, not with how adoringly Dream was looking at George's lithe figure as he lifted his hips in the air and helped Dream work off his slacks.

Seeing George, a man full of sass and snarky comebacks reduced to a whimpering mess who did whatever Dream asked of him was orgasmic, it really was. With one final tug, his pants were on the ground too, and Dream was able to see just how hard he was. His cock had left a wet spot at the top of his boxers from just how much he was leaking, and even the slightest bit of contact from Dream's fingertips had him crying out to *please, just fuck me, I'll be good for you, please*.

And really, who was Dream to deny him that pleasure? George had been so good for him, he deserved to get fucked well. "Promise you'll be good for me, can you do that baby?"

George nodded frantically, teeth biting down on his lips to hold in a moan that threatened to slip through with yet another brush against his clothed cock.

Dream shook his head. "I need to hear you. No more holding in moans, you need to show me how good I make you feel. Alright?"

Stuttering, George said "but what if someone else hears me?" And that simply wouldn't do.

"Then they'll know you're mine. All mine." His voice was embedded with emerald jealousy, even though there wasn't anyone to be jealous of. Maybe possession was a better word for the way he wanted everyone to know he'd laid his claim on George. "Unless you have something to be ashamed of?" His question was bait, trying to get George to act up and say something he shouldn't. George was too smart to take it, so he just shook his head *no* and arched into Dream's touch.

"You're so pretty for me baby," Dream sighed, voiced laced with crimson lust, "Need you beneath me, filled up with my cock. You want that?"

"God, fuck, yes *please*."

George's tone was full of indigo bursts of pleasure, and with each stroke he let out a whimper. Dream was so good to him, getting him off like this. He was writhing beneath skilled hands, but he couldn't have been happier. He looked beautiful, hair clinging to his face with sweat. Dream wanted him. Dream needed him.

Dream pulled back from George, lips disconnecting with a sickening pop. He whined, clearly unhappy with the loss of touch. He was so *needy*, but Dream would let him whine and beg like this if he could have George. He would do anything to have George. That was the beauty of them, the undercurrents of *I need you* and *I'd do it all for you* that rested just beneath a fiery surface of traded insults and pointed glares.

As quickly as he could, Dream rummaged through his desk drawer until he found the lube he knew he kept there. George raised his eyebrows as Dream held up the small bottle, but somehow stopped himself from saying something that would only result in punishment. Granted, he would have enjoyed the bruising touches and biting words, but George didn't need to know that. Dream silenced the words visibly bubbling on the tip of George's tongue with a heavy-lidded and lust-filled glare.

"Stop that."

George giggled. "I didn't even say anything, what are you talking about?"

"I could hear you thinking. I don't wanna hear it," he said sternly, but the fond undercurrent overpowered any feigned sense of anger laced in Dream's voice. George was too pretty to really get mad at. Maybe that was how they ended up in this position, Dream leaning over George with his shirt unbuttoned and a bottle of lube in his hands, popping the cap and drizzling the translucent liquid over thick fingers.

"You gonna finger me now, or do you plan on staring at me with lube dripping down your hands for the next ten minutes?"

He was so annoying. Dream wanted George to be quiet and let him work, but that obviously wasn't in the cards. "You're such an idiot. Stop talking."

And really, who was George to pass up an opportunity like this? Dream had set it up perfectly, and maybe that was on purpose, but he didn't need to know that. "Make me, then."

And really, who was Dream to do anything but indulge him? Dream reconnected their lips with a smile on his face and his clean hand working beneath an elastic waistband, and then George's boxers were on the floor and there was a slick finger circling his rim and George was practically *begging* for Dream to just push his finger inside and touch him and love him and fuck him and everything in-between.

Dream may have been a lot of things, but he had never been able to resist George. So he did as he asked, and pushed his first finger past the tight ring of muscle and into his waiting hole. George arched up into Dream's strong body and muscular arms, and let Dream's lips smother his whimpers as he began to work his finger in and out at an agonizing pace. He was so slow, so teasing, but he wanted to savor this. He would have loved to take George apart on his fingers, leave him begging and crying for just some release, *anything*, but they didn't have that kind of time, so Dream would have to settle.

"You're so tight baby," he whispered between impassioned kisses and subdued whines, and all George could do was nod and bury his face in the crook of Dream's neck and leave lilac kisses along the freckled skin from the southern sun.

Dream didn't know how long it took, he was too lost in the reality of having George spread out beneath him, but soon he was begging for a second finger. "Please, give me more. Want your cock, please Dream," and Dream could do nothing but oblige his request by pushing in a second finger that made George cry out in pleasure and bite down on his tender lips. He was big, he knew that, but even then Dream was surprised by the effect he had on George with only two fingers scissoring him open. He hadn't even started searching for his prostate yet, but still George was broken beneath him. It was beyond any fantasies he'd had late at night with the other begging for more that he'd refused to think about when the morning came and he saw him in the hallways.

George was luxury, he was polished silver rings that were more beautiful than anything else, and he was shining diamonds embedded into glistening titanium that sat on a shelf to be admired. He was crushed velvet around Dream's fingers, and he was a singing violin when Dream *finally* hit him right where he wanted, shouting songs of love and lust and want and a primal need for something else, something transcending the ordinary of what was known and safe and okay.

He'd never been able to hate George, not when he was shouting at him and calling him a self centered idiot and inconsiderate and everything that he wasn't. Because who wouldn't think about George all the time when he moaned and begged like that? He knew he did. He always had, ever since he was a new professor just hired and George had been tasked to show him his room and the library and everything he'd need, and when George winked at him and slid him a piece of paper with his phone number with a message of *if you need anything else at all, text me*.

And then George was whining even more and mouthing swears into the junction of his shoulder and his neck and Dream really didn't know what else to do other than to tell him how good he was doing and make promises of *only a bit longer, then I'll fuck you and make you feel like you never have before*.

Dream slipped in a third finger just as his first two brushed right against the pinnacle of George's pleasure, and Dream had to take a moment to make sure nobody heard the unholy noises falling off of George's cherry tongue that he really just wanted for himself, despite what he'd said earlier, because he would always lie to impress George.

He was splitting George apart at the seams, unravelling the brittle threads that held him in place and tearing apart everything he'd spent far too long suppressing. Something in the back of Dream's head warned him that he was in too deep now, but he couldn't have given less of a shit, not when he got to have George like this.

"Please," George whimpered, voice broken, "I'm stretched. Please, need you inside me."

That sentence went straight to Dream's cock, George saying how absolutely ruined he was for Dream with words that didn't really encompass it all. In that moment, Dream remembered he was still fully dressed, and that really wouldn't do.

"Okay baby, help me get these pants off first though," he said, voice far too soft for someone who'd been in a shouting match not that long ago. George was able to push himself up onto his elbows so he could work at Dream's pants while Dream's wandering eyes traced his lithe body. George looked amazing, face flushed and cock leaking against his shirt. Dream wanted to take a photo of him like this so he could look at it forever, but he thought that might be a bit too far, so he didn't ask. Instead he just stared as best as he could without giving himself away, trying to burn the image into his brain, but George surely knew how whipped he was by now anyways.

George couldn't help but let a smile creep onto his face when he caught Dream staring. "Something caught your eye there?" He asked, but he already knew the answer. He always knew the answer, the smart motherfucker.

"Yeah. You," Dream said. He reveled in the way George bit his lip and grinned even more with the compliment. "You're stunning like this."

George let his hands do the talking for him, pulling down Dream's pants and reaching a hand beneath the waistband of his boxers to feel his hard cock. "You feel that?" A nod. "That's all for you."

If flowers bloomed every time George smiled, then he'd just stepped into a nursery in the springtime coated in sweet nectar, because the bliss that erupted from his face was something unbelievable. It was everything, how perfect he looked, how happy he felt, the way he smiled into Dream's lips as he pulled him back down by the hair and kissed him like his life depended on it.

This was bliss. Not finally getting that grant or watching the sunset with a boy you loved or anything else, but this. Kissing the boy he probably loved in his office with sticky hands and sweaty hair and wrinkled clothes was the best it was ever going to get. Dream was more than okay with that, with George being his happy place.

In one swift motion, George pulled Dream's boxers down all the way to his mid-thigh, freeing his leaking cock. A sick slap echoed as it snapped up to hit him in his stomach. The blush that seemed to permanently reside on George's cheekbones flushed an even deeper shade of mauve at the sight of it. Dream wasn't sure if it was because of the size or just how hard he was, but it didn't matter much to him anyways.

"You see something you like, princess?"

"Maybe. And don't call me that, you freak," he retorted. The lack of denial was interesting, but the lighthearted insult was more so. Dream could work with that. He would work with that.

"Oh, I'm the freak?" Dream asked, voice raising subtly. "I don't recall begging for my cock like a helpless slut, but maybe that's just me."

George wasn't ashamed, oddly enough. He looked almost *proud* of himself, in some twisted sense. His confidence was attractive, though. "You're an idiot. You got any condoms in that magic drawer of yours?"

He was funny, Dream would give him that. The chuckle that slipped past his bitten lips was indicator enough. He'd always had a sense of humor, something that Dream found insanely attractive. George could always make him laugh, and maybe it was fucked up, but he'd always been at least a little bit into it.

"I don't, surprisingly enough. Are you okay with that?" He asked, a rare kindness working its way into his voice.

George shrugged in indifference. "Yeah, I'm clean. S'long as you are too, we're good."

Dream hated to admit it, but he hadn't had sex in a bit. Maybe it was because of the fact that he was always thinking of the pretty brown haired English professor who always had a snarky comeback and biting insult sitting on the tip of his tongue, but regardless of all that he knew he was clean.

"I'm good."

"Good."

An awkward silence settled between them, because what else were you supposed to say? Dream didn't want to rush George to catch him off guard, but he was ready. He was certainly hard enough,

aching just at the thought of George's tightness encircling him.

George, ever the observant, caught on to Dream's hesitation. "I'm ready, you can fuck me now," he said, voice even but Dream could have sworn he'd caught on to an undercurrent of merlot need. George pulled Dream closer using his legs, wrapping them around his hips and bringing them together until Dream's cock was resting right next to his. The sight was glorious, both of them so close to rutting together.

Dream took a half-step back, allowing himself enough space to line up his tip with George's hole, before slowly pushing in. The reaction was instantaneous, both men letting out desperate whines of something that ran deeper than just attraction. This time, it was Dream who leaned down to connect their lips, muffling both of their moans with a bruising kiss laced with everything they'd wanted to say for so long. He would've been content to just sit like that, lips against George's and cock buried, unmoving, inside of him, but a whimper from George that sounded vaguely like *move, please* Dream snapped him out of the trance he'd found himself locked in.

Slowly, Dream began gently thrusting into George, setting an agonizing pace. The cautious movements of his hips were quickly replaced with much more confident ones after George pulled on his hair and begged for something more. Dream knew when he'd found his prostate based on the blood-curdling scream the boy beneath him let out after a particularly deep thrust. If he wasn't here, above George, he would have thought he was hurt, but Dream knew better. He knew just how badly they wanted each other, knew how much George had begged for this, knew how much it took to take George apart like this, and he knew he was happy.

Maybe happy was too simple. It didn't fully encompass the bliss he felt with each thrust, the sparks of amber joy that came each time their lips moved against each other, the lilac that painted his heart with each whimper that slipped free from George's mouth and into his, but it was all he knew. It was just simple enough.

Happiness. Bliss. Joy. Ecstasy. Heaven. It was everything. It wasn't enough still to describe what Dream felt unfurling from the roots of his heart and spreading through his veins just like the cochineal blood that flowed through them, reaching everywhere important. He didn't want to consider love, not yet, not when it was the first time they'd touched like this, but nothing else was enough.

Love. George must have felt it each time Dream hit his prostate head-on, hammering into the nerves until his legs were trembling and voice wavering and he was begging for some release, *anything*, and Dream kept going because he knew he could make him feel even better than he already did. Dream knew he felt it with each bruising kiss, each tightening of legs around his hips and each high whine slipping free from scarlet painted lips.

Was it love that drew Dream to *finally* wrap a hand around George's cock, pumping up and down in time with each snap of his hips until George was painting his hand and his shirt and his stomach with ribbons of white? Was it love that drew George to pull Dream even closer, break off the kiss to tell him to *please, finish inside me, wanna feel you*, and move with each thrust, begging for him to lay his claim and when he finally did, pumping George full of himself, kiss him languidly like they had all the time in the world to lay here, together, and fall in love with prolonged stares and gentle hands and everything else that was so much more than just platonic?

If it was love, Dream was okay with that. He thought George might be too, with the way he whimpered when Dream pulled out and wrapped his arms around his shoulders and let himself be gently cleaned up with his already ruined shirt and soft kisses up and down the column of his throat that had no motivation other than to make him feel what Dream did.

The way they laughed together when they realized Dream's shirt was far too big for George, bunching up at his wrists and falling to his thighs but it was all that they had so it had to be good enough. The way that they held hands and ran out to Dream's car in the empty night. The way that they kissed at red lights and got lost in conversation and admitted that neither really cared about the grant that much, only that they wanted to have something over the other. The way that they did it all again night after night because they'd stumbled upon something that could never be replicated or replaced and they both knew it. The way that they loved each other. It was stolen glances and feigned anger and loving kisses and holding hands when it wasn't necessary but neither wanted to let go.

Dream was okay with that, how he loved George. He knew George was too, when he whispered confessions late at night when he thought Dream was asleep but he never was because all he wanted was to hold the boy he loved and hear how he was loved too.

Maybe happiness was the right word. Nothing else fit fully enough, encompassing everything about them that Dream knew to be true. Happiness and George. He thought they were synonyms, and George proved him right every day.

Love. Happiness. George. They were all the same in the end. And Dream fell in love with all three.

End Notes

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